THE INVERTEBRATES

"Let's Have Fun"

Spineless Records

3305 20th Street

San Francisco, CA 94110

The Invertebrates are dangerous man-beasts fed on kitsch and political vitriol, whose fangs contain a venom which vaccinates humans against ennui and cliche. I'll say it again: The Invertebrates are dangerous man-beasts fed . . . no . . .

Whether you call these creatures scientists or ghouls comes down to whether you think the body of popular culture they're working' over is still registering an EEG or is just another cold one for the lab. The Invertebrates wouldn't be caught dead trying to revive the corpse of "Rock n' Roll" but occasionally a ghost of it rears its skull from these strange waters.

You could yell "Beefhart" and "Zappa" if you're really stinking desperate, but you'd be so wrong you oughta be sentenced to a year of Sesame Street, first of all because Zappa and Beefhart depend on instrumental virtuosity whereas the Invertebrates depend on a startling

ingenuity bred of complete innocence of instrumental musicianship, and second because such a comparison is a cretinous oversimplification akin to saying Breughel liked food and the peasants, Shakespeare wrote about kings and queens and Keruac liked to ride in cars.

The reason I like this album so much is that it resists so hard. It's a cantankerous piece of shit, actually, OK, I said it and I'm glad; it displaces so much garbage; it's a big trash sweeper. Listening to it is like watching a bum go through a can outside Burger King. The music of pure survival. Note the roaches on the cover.

The Invertebrates are waging a frontal attack on the perverse boredom of excitement. Did you get that down OK? Do I have to explain that there is nothing more boring than someone who wants to excite you? Do I have to say that what makes me want to pull the plug on MTV is its insistence that I be affected? Do I have to draw seduction parallels again? Do I have to say that the Invertebrates don't mechanically manipulate your nipples?

The Invertebrates's complex and demanding philosophy of DO WHAT YOU WANT so ruled in the studio during the recording of this album that Tom Mallon, Mr. Tom Himself, the Venerable Buddha of Brannan and Second Streets, had them list his production credit as "produced in spite of Tom Mallon." They had him running tapes backwards ("Slow it down! Speed it up! Slow it down! Speed it up!"), they were beating on his kitchenette pans . . .

This is nervous, stringy beef but the beat is strong, if not exactly metronomic, which, again, is the point: the tempo rebels with contemptuous irregularity. Unnerving music, yet fun to dance to. A slithering intellectual incongruity. (cf. Mannerism, also Unresolve Tensions in Painting and Architecture of the Late Rennaissance) Twisted, agonized, spasmodic rock.

Imaginge "producing" these savages. They aren't your basic louts, I mean I wouldn't even suggest to Mort that the earth is round because he'd claim it's an oblate spheroid flattened at the poles and bulging at the equator. But they have got their own ideas and by gum when your ideas are this weird you gotta have some nerve to carry them out. And this is their second album. They are way too rebellious to dress like James Dean, that's for sure. Savage intellectuals, the lot of 'em.

I was talking to Invertebrates Mort and Tom about becoming famous rock stars (ha ha) and Mort said if the Invertebrates ever break up it won't be because they didn't get famous.

I would say that rather than trying to get famous, they're carrying out an experiment. As good scientists, they'd be remiss if they let their expectations skew the results. It's raining outside. But I'm not going to talk about it. There were some trees in the field behind my house growing up . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING TO TALK ABOUT IT!!! GIMME A BEER FOR CHRISSAKE!!!!!!!

(This last is an aside to a certain class of reader who will recognize it with a knowing smile as a deft parody of a certain modern literary style, and as joke on the Invertebrates) - ct

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